

No. 32

MERRY ENGLAND

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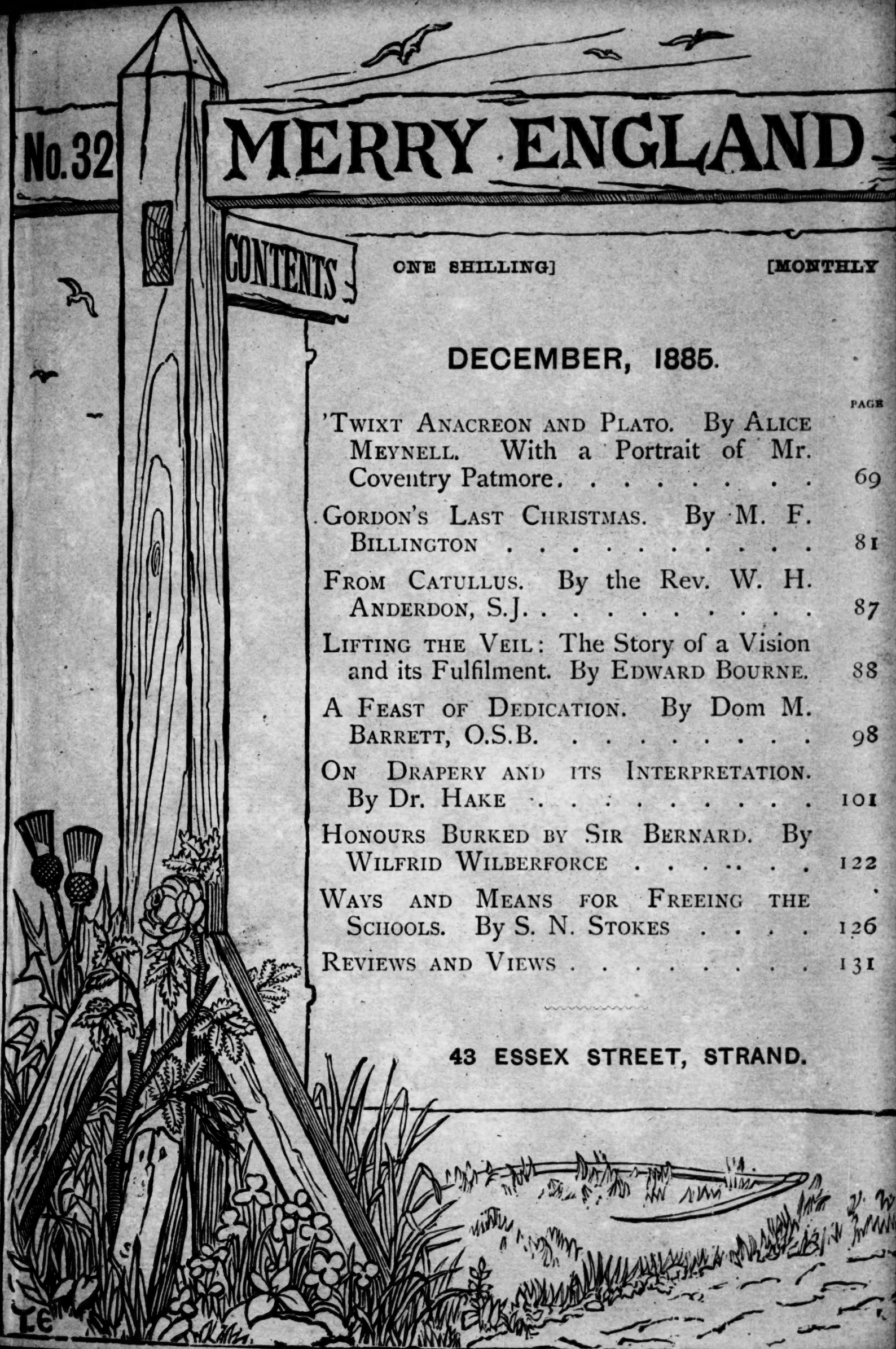
ONE SHILLING

[MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1885.

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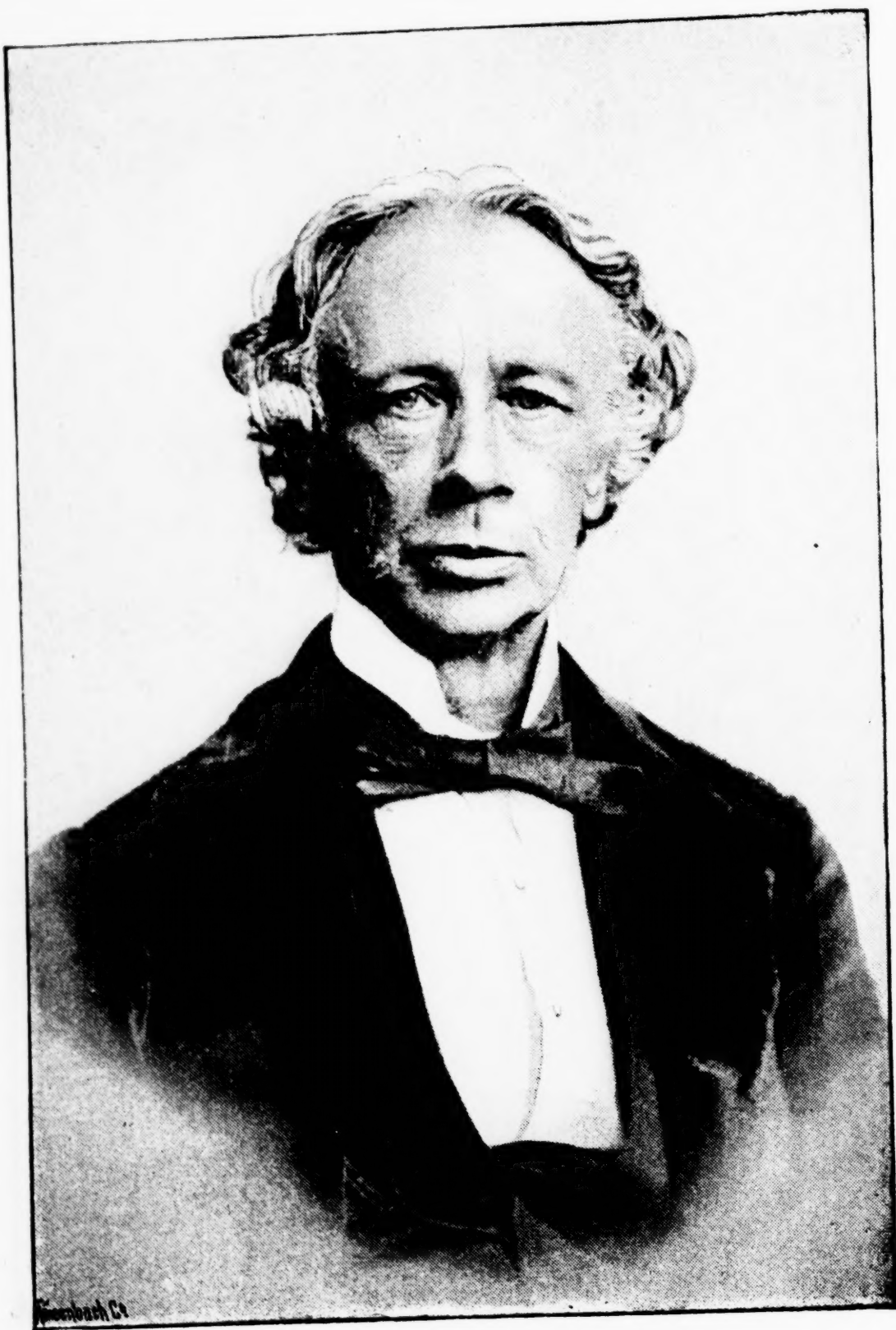
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MR. COVENTRY PATMORE.

MERRY ENGLAND

DECEMBER, 1885

'Twixt Anacreon and Plato.

THE sentence at the heading belongs to the invention of Mr. Coventry Patmore himself, who places the love-poems of his hero in the middle way between the words of the philosopher and the songs of the reveller. It is a phrase which gracefully places the author of "The Angel in the House,"—but it hardly describes sufficiently the author of Mr. Coventry Patmore's later work—"The Unknown Eros." It applies to the popular poet who gave gaiety to household virtues and made his song on the "Bind Love with Duty" of George Eliot; whose lays of Heaven and Home are a rebuke to the vulgar and ignoble liberty that has been claimed for the human heart in need of bonds; and a word about whom the reader will accept as in touch with the Christmas subjects of the month. Such is the poet of "The Angel;" the poet of "The Unknown Eros" is not to be described by a phrase.

For Mr. Coventry Patmore is at once one of the most popular and one of the least popular of living poets—a paradox which may be explained by his own great diversity. He has always been a Realist, but he was at first a realist in faithfulness to detail, which the public loves; and he has since become a realist in another way, which, strangely enough, is

neither so generally intelligible nor so generally welcome. Although he might possibly disown the fact that he represents distinctively an age for which he has, on some accounts, no very great affection, Mr. Coventry Patmore is eminently *dans le mouvement*, in so much as he is the most realistic of our poets. The schools of literature succeed, but do not destroy, each other. Classical poetry has not ceased to be because its epic generalities have been displaced by the more insistent individualities of Romanticism, nor has Romance ceased because Realism, with its more direct, intimate, and penetrating significance and its love of those keenly interesting human accidents which Classicism scorned and Romanticism exhibited somewhat too much in costume, has in turn succeeded. Happily poetry, once written, does not pass. The age possesses all the geniuses, though it may produce one genius chiefly. But the poet who is most unmistakably in the movement of his own time is the strongest, because the general strength is in him. To some readers, whom the mysticism of Mr. Coventry Patmore has led into regions of thought as distant as lovely, it may seem somewhat strange to place this difficult singer in the band of naturalistic writers—the apostles of experience or experiment. Nevertheless, he belongs to these by a tendency so strong that it has endured through the greatest variations of subject and of manner which we have ever known in any poet. Only his realism, when he began, was of that more superficial kind which deals with minuteness—with the faithful rendering of circumstance and accessory—whereas it became later the nobler realism, which consists of a penetrating intimacy of the heart, and in which nothing stands between the speaker and the hearer—no veil of words, for the word is living; nor is the art a veil, for the art of expression and the emotion expressed are one, so stringently close is the feeling.

Mr. Coventry Patmore's early poem, "The Angel in the

House," with its sequel, is the example of his first realism, and the noble series of Odes, comprised in "The Unknown Eros," with those that followed in the little volume of selections called "Florilegium Amantis," are full of the second. It is to be noted that the "pre-Raphaelite" movement in painting showed a like beginning in an excessive care for detail, a wholesome love of the beauty of familiar things not often dignified by the touch of art. Mr. Patmore was, in fact, the literary associate of those young painters whose work did much to correct the banalities of the then prevalent artistic taste. While the artist elaborated lace and blades of grass, the poet worked with love at *his* details—the dress and dinners of an English provincial town, mixing these with so much sweetness, generosity of heart, and such high pathetic gaiety, that the song of pretty prosperities, morning calls, love, and dances, and evening service in the respectable cathedral, is also a song of passion and faith, touched with death and eternity, the foreboding and hopes of life and the grave. Nothing is trivial in "The Angel in the House" except perhaps the form. A light octosyllabic ballad measure, over-full of rhymes, is a deceptively inadequate form of expression for such a poem, though it suits well with the frequent subtle and sprightly epigrams, exact and complete in their little stanza of four lines. For instance ;—

Kind souls, you wonder why, love you,
 When you, you wonder why, love none.
 We love, fool, for the good we do,
 Not that which unto us is done.

And again :

I vow'd unvarying faith, and she
 To whom in full I pay that vow,
 Rewards me with variety
 Which men who change can never know.

"The Angel in the House" is full of such things, its author being prodigal of his fancies and of his thoughts. The little

volume, with its small and finished forms, might with economy have supplied ten books of more loosely compacted and showy poems.

The great exquisiteness of "The Angel," "Tamerton Church Tower," and the other works executed in the same manner did not prevent the lovers of great poetry from giving a delighted welcome to those Odes in which the poet attained an expansion of expression fitted to that pressingly close Realism of the nobler kind, now so distinctively his own peculiar poetical method. Some of these wonderful poems, of which the subject comprise the most interior phases of religion, love, and death, are sometimes so obscure—a fault which the precision of the earlier manner entirely prevented—that it is impossible to possess them fully without a key to their motive. "The Day after To-morrow"—a magnificent ode anticipating reunion after death—is a piece which imperatively needs such explanation. At other times the work is too simple and too perfect for praise. Such is the following called "The Toys":

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visit'd his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art.
To comfort his sad heart.

So, when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said :
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I, whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
" I will be sorry for their childishness."

Again—and we quote in full the following also—"The Azalea"—to show how this master Realist can pierce the heart more keenly still :

There, where the sun shines first
Against our room,
She train'd the gold Azalea, whose perfume
She, Spring-like, from her breathing grace dispersed.
Last night the delicate crests of saffron bloom
Were just at point to burst.

* * * * *

At dawn I dream'd, O God, that she was dead,
And groan'd aloud upon my wretched bed,
And waked, ah, God, and did not waken her,
But lay, with eyes still closed,
Perfectly bless'd in the delicious sphere
By which I knew so well that she was near,
My heart to speechless thankfulness composed.
Till 'gan to stir
A dizzy somewhat in my troubled head—
It *was* the Azalea's breath, and she *was* dead !
The warm night had the lingering buds disclosed ;
And I had fall'n asleep with to my breast
A chance-found letter press'd
In which she said,
" So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu !
Parting's well-paid with soon again to meet,
Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you !"

This too is on the same most penetrating note :

" If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, Poor Child !"
The dear lips quiver'd as they spake,

And the tears brake
 From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.
 Poor Child, poor Child !
 I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.
 It is not true that Love will do no wrong.
 Poor Child !
 And did you think, when so you cried and smiled,
 How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,
 And of those words your full avengers make ?
 Poor Child, poor Child !
 And now, unless it be
 That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,
 O, God, have thou *no* mercy upon me !
 Poor Child !

There is here a quality which we may call poignancy, and which is certainly super-literary. It is more than the reader expects from poetry, more than many a reader expects from life. We almost reply to such poetry that, if these are sorrow and love, they are intolerable ; that the more ordinary qualities of sublimity and pathos and emotion are enough for the heart of man ; that such truth is too much for it. It is easy to reckon the passages in the poetry of the world which have poignancy.

Of many thousand kisses, the poor last
 I lay upon thy lips.

Even from Shakespeare, who has everything, there is perhaps only this one phrase. And this from Rossetti's "Ave":

Mind'st thou not (when the twilight gone
 Left darkness in the house of John)
 Between the naked window bars
 That spacious vigil of the stars ?
 For thou, a watcher even as they,
 Would'st rise from where throughout the day
 Thou wroughtest raiment for His poor ;
 And finding the fixed terms endure
 Of day and night which never brought
 Sounds of his coming chariot,
 Would'st lift through cloud-waste unexplor'd

Those eyes which said, "How long, O Lord?"
 Then that disciple whom He loved,
 Well heeding, haply would be moved
 To ask thy blessing in His name;
 And that one thought in both, the same
 Though silent, then would clasp ye round
 To weep together,—tears long bound—
 Sick tears of patience, dumb and slow.

Nay, the citation of examples from other poems does but prove that "The Unknown Eros" presses further in than all. There is here the closeness which is characteristic of Shelley and of Thomas à Kempis. In "Alastor" we come near to something which is in the very middle of poetry. It is like hearing the Muse's heart beat, and the movements of her "tender-taken breath." In the "Imitation," we draw close to the centre of spirituality. In these Odes we are close to love and sorrow. The reading them becomes an experience.

There is an image which has become the common-place of criticism—about words clothing the idea. Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave has adopted the banality when he says:

Where are the flawless form,
 The sweet propriety of measured phrase,
 The words that clothe the idea? &c.

And in effect, in poetry which is emotional and true in a merely ordinary degree, the word has no more life than a garment. It presents and expresses, but it is not itself organic. But with Shelley, à Kempis, and Coventry Patmore, it seems to us that the word is organic and quick.

On such poetry there is no comment to be made; we can hardly commend the Truth for beauty and pathos. Some words are best repaid by silence; and among these are the passages of "Departure," in which the dead is reproached with an agonizing kind of tenderness for having gone

With sudden, unintelligible phrase,
 And frightened eye,

Upon your journey of so many days,
Without a single kiss, or a good-bye,
And the only loveless look the look with which you passed;
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

There is a kind of relief in turning to a criticism of form, which suggests itself. For Mr. Coventry Patmore, having set his power free in the unchecked measures of the English ode, seems hardly to have studied effectually the pauses and proportions which are as subtle and indefinable in this form of composition as they are in rhythmic prose. In diction he is, as a rule, exquisitely, if not obviously, musical; but the cadences are too often incomplete. For instance, two lines of varying length frequently come together in such a proportion that they read on into one ordinary heroic line; the voice marks them as two by making a pause which were best avoided, and the rhyme becomes unpleasantly accentuated. This is very common in the odes. Whatever sequence of lengths is chosen in writing this irregular measure, that combination of two lines into one of ten syllables should surely be eschewed. Again, some of the short lines are too abruptly short; it is not agreeable to stop with an emphatic rhyme upon a line of two syllables. These technical defects are important to the lover of perfect forms.

As to Mr. Coventry Patmore's spirit, if we have any quarrel with him it is probably a political one. As far as we can gather from the odes which deal with the Conservative Reform Bill, and other topics of like nature, the English language has no word, no superlative of Tory, which would define his party of one. This political character affects, we think, his social ethics; the prosperities of "The Angel in the House" are almost oppressive; we should have been better pleased if the hero had not been quite such a good *parti*; the poor are introduced for the purpose of giving an exquisite heroine the opportunity of being detected in the virtuousness of reading the

Scriptures in their cottages. These are hardly the relations on which the ethics of our time can rest. But the author's whole plan, after all, is to make nature and society pay homage to the woman who is herself the flower of civilization and civility.

One of the Minnesingers of mediæval Germany had won the name of "Frauenlobe" by such a constant hymn to womanhood that when he died the ladies would not let any but their praised hands dig their singer's grave and carry his bier thither. Mr. Coventry Patmore has given women praises such as never were written before, save, perhaps, by the hands that wrote of Imogen on earth and of Beatrice in Paradise—praises to meet and merit which all that is noble in the heart of woman must desire to be nobler, purity to be more pure, humility more simple, delicacy more ineffable. And yet this poet, who praised so well, does not directly attribute the sweet virtues which he implies. The woman of whom he sings writes trivial little notes, is fond of expense in dress, and, all in the way of dignity and gaiety, is somewhat vain. She is won by her lover's admiration of her beauty. The poet studies her in the smaller mysteries, not in the depths, of character; studies her for feminine, not for human, nature. We are allowed to know that she prays in secret, but she rises from her knees to jest about the new ball dress with which she had planned to delight her husband's eyes. She is pathetic and affecting to his sense, because she is gay and innocent.

Be man's hard virtues highly wrought,
But let my gentle mistress be,
In every look, word, deed, and thought,
Nothing but sweet and womanly!

So that it is the nobleness of the singer that most truly inspires the desire to meet and merit the praises of such a song. A worthy woman guesses rather than reads what the poet expects in her, and this, again, she can only conceive according to her own worthiness. There is, therefore, action and reaction, a

mirror facing a mirror, a multiplication of surmise and suggestions. No wonder Mr. Ruskin said that he wished all the youthful ladies of England had these lovely lines by heart. "You cannot read him," he says, in "Sesame and Lilies," too often or too carefully; as far as I know, he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies; the others sometimes darken, and nearly always depress and discourage, the imagination they deeply seize." It is from "The Angel in the House" also that he takes an instance of "love at its highest—as it may exist in the disciplined spirit of a perfect human creature—as the *purifying* passion of the soul."

There is another purifying passion which Mr. Coventry Patmore treats in an ode to Pain—an ode, by the way, in which the lines too frequently have the fragmentary sound; the first two, for instance, would make the accustomed heroic line, and so, to divide them, the reader is almost obliged to read them jerkily.

O, Pain, Love's mystery,
 Close next of kin
 To joy and heart's delight,
 Low Pleasure's opposite,
 Choice food of sanctity
 And medicine of sin,
 Angel, whom even they that will pursue
 Pleasure with hell's whole gust
 Find that they must
 Perversely woo,
 My lips, thy live coal touching, speak thee true.
 Thou sear'st my flesh, O Pain,
 But brand'st for arduous peace my languid brain,
 And bright'nest my dull view,
 Till I, for blessing, blessing give again,
 And my roused spirit is
 Another fire of bliss,
 Wherein I learn
 Feelingly how the pangful purging fire
 Shall furiously burn
 With joy, not only of assured desire,
 But also present joy

Of seeing the life's corruption, stain by stain,
 Vanish in the clear heat of Love irate,
 And, fume by fume, the sick alloy
 Of luxury, sloth and hate
 Evaporate ;
 Leaving the man, so dark erewhile,
 The mirror merely of God's smile.
 Herein, O Pain, abides the praise
 For which my song I raise.

* * * *

What mockery of a man am I express'd
 That I should wait for thee
 To woo !
 Nor even dare to love, till thou lov'st me.
 How shameful, too,
 Is this :
 That, when thou lov'st, I am at first afraid
 Of thy fierce kiss,
 Like a young maid ;
 And only trust thy charms
 And get my courage in thy throbbing arms.
 And, when thou partest, what a fickle mind
 Thou leav'st behind,
 That, being a little absent from mine eye,
 It straight forgets thee what thou art,
 And oftentimes my adulterate heart
 Dallies with Pleasure, thy pale enemy.
 O, for the learned spirit without attaint
 That does not faint,
 But knows both how to have thee and to lack,
 And ventures many a spell,
 Unlawful but for them that love so well,
 To call thee back.

Perhaps in none of the poems here quoted is full justice done to the author's magnificence of imagery. There is no living poet whose images are more august and awful. They belong to the universe rather than to the world, like the dreams that visit a delicate brain in sleep. There is no greater nightly terror and beauty than in such dreams, nor is there any more tremendous imagery than in this mystical poetry. It has, as it were, sidereal space, sidereal time.

Mr. Coventry Patmore's conversion to the Catholic Church

followed his composition of those works which we have classed together as exemplifying the early or detailed naturalistic manner, and preceded the publication of those great odes which express the later and more vital realism. He will be remembered not by his works alone, but by his gift to his country of a church. At those altars we might, perhaps fancifully, hope would be given a special benediction to that blessed sacrament of marriage for which his exquisite thoughts must have fitted many hearts ; and there, too, may be granted those even more mystical graces of which he has written words as divine as they are human.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Gordon's Last Christmas.

THE associations of December, the month of mirth, seem to throw into more ghastly relief than ever the lonely, dreary watch, and the gnawing anxiety of Gordon's last earthly Christmastide, spent under the lurid sunshine of the beleaguered Nubian capital. The Journals give us a vivid picture of the daily life of some of the weary months of 1884, and from these, and from the comparatively few letters from him that ever reached England, we know what were his thoughts, his hopes, and his fears, when he was being worn to death, and harassed by famine, treachery, and disappointment. There are few more pathetic pictures than that of the man who, "faithful unto death," wrote, "I am quite happy, thank God, and like Lawrence I have *tried* to do my duty."

Years before, when Governor-General of the Soudan, Gordon had written that he detested Christmas, giving as one of his reasons, that it was a time of gorging and feasting. He had not this complaint to make now. From the statistics he has furnished us with, we may calculate that upon reduced rates of rations, his supply of biscuit and dhoora would last till about the 1st of January. By the 6th of January the town was in such fearfully reduced straits for food that he issued a proclamation offering the population free permission to leave it and to join the Mahdi, if they cared to do so. It is reckoned that so many availed themselves of this faculty that only 14,000 remained in Khartoum out of a population during September of 34,000. It is characteristic of Gordon that he wrote to the Mahdi, asking him to do his best to protect and feed these poor Moslems, who had been under his care for the past nine months. It is not Christmas-like to think of the extremities of famine

into which Khartoum was thrown. Every animal was consumed ; a small daily portion of gum was issued to the troops ; and Gordon exercised his ingenuities to make an edible (one dare not write palatable) kind of bread of the pounded fibres of the palm-trees. The turkey-cock and hens, which afforded him so much interest in the earlier volumes of his Diary, had probably been given to the hospital, or to those whom he considered in greater need than himself ; and if Gordon's anxieties permitted him to eat an apology for a Christmas dinner in the great, rambling, lonely Government House, which he described as being as large as Marlborough House, we may suppose that it consisted of only a hard biscuit or a scanty handful of dhoora. It was not the first Christmas he had spent alone in the Soudan, or on wearisome missions into Abyssinia. But his feelings on those earlier expeditions must have been widely different from what they were now. It had often, in fact almost invariably, been his unfortunate fate to be left unsupported by the Governments to whose well-being he was devoting his unequalled energies. In these cases, however, he knew himself to be an outsider working for alien causes. The Khedive had usually made some vague efforts to grant his requests and give effect to his proposals. On his last Christmas Day, Gordon realized that his own country had deserted him. No, not his country ; only those who were the official guardians of her honour. Many a thought and many a prayer went out in sympathy to the hero standing and stemming alone the flood of fanaticism sweeping over the desert sands. For our personal credit let us say it, and there can be no greater proof that the policy of the Government was completely wrong, than that in the face of the General Election the party leaders were compelled to speak of their policy as "a mistake," or not to speak of it at all.

"I will take nothing from the Gladstone Government—not even my expenses," he wrote. He "*will not ever*" set foot in England again. For every request has been ignored or refused.

Petitions for one or two hundred English soldiers, or a few more Moslem or Indian troops ; for money, if not from his Government, from wealthy people who have their nation's credit at heart ; for news ; brought no response to them. Forgetting the feud between Zubair and himself, he was ready under the supreme necessity of the situation to meet him and instal him again in power ; but Zubair may not come lest English Dissenters should growl at the Government. He is fully aware that Zubair and he together would be more than a match for the Mahdi, and he knows better than any what is his own position with regard to placing the future government of the Soudan in other hands. He has spent time and trouble in drawing up a scheme, which, if followed out faithfully, would have permitted Zubair to form a stable administration, and would have crippled his powers as a slave dealer. Treachery he knows is around him on all sides. He is fully cognizant that half the town has "hedged with the Mahdi," and that every one is thinking simply how to serve his own personal interests for the best. There is not a soul to whom he can turn for a word of encouragement, since Stewart and Power started on their ill-fated effort to save themselves and help him and his poor adherents. He feels himself an alien among many traitors, bitterly jealous and mistrustful of him. He is making desperate calculations of how soon the "help that never came" may be in sight. Ammunition begins to fail. The troops are discontented with short rations, and it requires the most strenuous exertions on his part to keep any semblance of discipline among them. Every hour brings fresh anxiety, and with the bravery that will confess its own trials, he tells how he is often "on tenter-hooks" about his steamers, which have proved so useful to him.

He is wondering what will be the fate of those to whom, as he says, he is made to appear as a liar ; and this is one of his most painful thoughts. Honourable in letter and spirit, he

has never broken a promise to friend or foe, and the idea of deceiving those who have placed their entire confidence on his word, is particularly galling to him ; but he never for one moment thinks of deserting his "poor sheep," in an effort to purchase his own life. He goes round the town daily to cheer the garrison, and do what little he can to relieve the most pressing wants. The bullets whizz over his head, but he fears not, and he even leaves the town on occasions to visit Tuti Island, or his more distant forts. Repeatedly and in increasing wrath he declares that he will never leave Khartoum unless some form of government is established, and will stay, running every risk to win or fall with the place.

But has he no consolation as he betakes himself to pass his anxious Christmas vigil on the roof of his palace, telescope and pious book in hand ? He has shown us a brief glimpse of the mental struggle that almost invariably takes place in the most earnestly faithful believers in the Divine ordering of all things for the best ; when every circumstance seems adverse, when every prayer seems unheard, and every human wish is thwarted. Perhaps almost the saddest vision we get of him is as he beseeches in the words of Cardinal Newman : "Pray, for me, O my friends, *who have not strength to pray !*" He tells us of verses of Scripture which constantly recur to him, one of them in Asa's trustful prayer : "Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power : help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude ! O Lord, Thou art our God : let not mortal man prevail against Thee !" And another picture of the conflict comes before us as he writes of himself : "It is a sort of position where one may say one has no hope but in Our Lord. This ought to suffice us, but until one knows his position, one cannot realize what it is to say 'we know not what to do, but our eyes are upon Thee.' The revolt would be nothing if we had any forces at all, but these we lack, and I

am (it is odd to write it) obliged to trust to God alone,—as if He was not enough. Yet my human nature is so weak, I do worry myself about these things, not always, but at times. What a strange set of inconsistent things we are, half flesh, half spirit ; yet God works at us, and shapes us like stones for His Temple. How wonderful the shaping of the stones ! How we hate being chipped ! What is the object and design of our existence ? You can scarcely tell how torn I am between the two. ‘Is my hand shortened ?’ and ‘you have no possible way of escape,’ are continually contending one with another. I wish I were back—quiet and full of delightful thoughts instead of thinking evil of every one, and not trusting Our dear Lord. . . . Oh, there is no rest for me but in the grave ! Do not think I forget you, for when Job prayed for his friends, God turned his captivity.”

But the latest hints he gives us of his faith show the old happy frame of mind once more. The dark cloud has lifted, and he can say “I have no new thoughts, only a deepening of the old ones.” He has turned to his dearly loved Thomas à Kempis—as many another sad and lonely one has done and will do ; and in its pages he has been told to “Love Him and keep Him for thy Friend, who, when all go away, will not leave thee nor suffer thee to perish at the last :” and again “When comfort shall be taken away, do not presently give up hope, but wait with humility and patience for the Heavenly visit ; for God is able to give thee back again a fuller consolation.” A tiny volume of “Scripture promises” is in his hand, and he is able to say with certainty “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.” One of the latest letters from Khartoum says : “Any one whom God gives to be much in union with Him, cannot suffer even a pang of death ; for what is death to a believer ? It is a closer approach to

Him, whom even on earth he is ever with." But looking backwards, never once did he think that any good that he might have been permitted to accomplish had earned for him the assurance of future happiness. He had written of himself from the Holy Land that the reminiscences which would arise "perfectly sickened him." His fear is, as it ever was, of doing things—as he once familiarly termed it—"to hail the tram of the world," for he literally dreaded applause of the crowd. For did not the *Imitation* say that "he who knows himself well becomes mean in his own eyes, and is not delighted with being praised by men?" And in his perfect trust in God's over-ruling of all, he is struggling to say that all will be well. Only a week or two before this dreary Christmas day he had written "God rules all, and as God will rule to His glory and our welfare, His will be done!"

In health he was a wreck. Sleepless nights had told upon him; for the few who can give any details of those weeks say that he never slept. Mr. Power relates that as early as March 1884, he would often spend whole nights anxiously and in low spirits pacing his bedroom. Privation and care helped to break down the iron constitution, and his last Sunday seems to have been spent in absolute seclusion. The accounts of the final scene of all are conflicting; but what do we need to know? That he met death like a Christian and a soldier is certain. In other words, he died as he had lived. And the last words upon his lips were not unlikely to be those he had underlined in his copy of the *Dream of Gerontius*, "Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled."

M. F. BILLINGTON.

From Catullus.

(Ut flos in sæptis secretus nascitur hortis, etc.)

“SEE some fair flower, that garden walls inclose,
Nor ploughshare rends, nor browsing flocks invade ;
To youth and maiden dear its beauty grows,
Fanned by soft airs, 'neath suns and dewy shade :—
But let some rude hand pluck the rifled flower,
Nor youths nor maidens prize it from that hour.
E'en so a gentle virgin whose young home
Blest her first innocence, untouched by stain ;
If once that vestal bloom deflowered become,
Nor youth nor maiden holds her dear again.”

*Thus far Catullus, whose dim sense ignored
All beauty in a fallen flower restored,
Knew not, poor lyrist, how that bloom downtrod
May rise, with grace bedewed, from off the sod—
Fragrant may gladden yet the Paradise of God.*

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

Lifting the Veil :

THE STORY OF A VISION AND ITS FULFILMENT.

“**N**O, you will never convince me of anything of the sort. I have no faith in mediums, mesmerism, spiritualism, clairvoyance, or whatever you may like to call it. It is for the most part folly and delusion, with, perhaps, a spice of knavery in it. I would sooner believe in ghosts and hobgoblins. At least, that is an honest old-fashioned creed, sanctioned by antiquity, and held by some of the greatest men in the past.”

“Well, you may rail against it as much as you please ; but depend upon it there is more in it than you think. Why, you are yourself just the temperament for a first-rate medium ; and men whom I have known could do literally what they pleased with you—make you see visions and dream dreams ; show you the past, present, and future ; make you taste and smell what has not approached your palate or your nostrils ; hear sounds that have never been uttered, and articulate words without knowing beforehand what you were going to say. ‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio——’”

“Spare me the quotation. Those very words have been said to me a hundred times by persons who wanted to argue me out of my senses. I have been to more than one *séance*, and I thought it nothing but the dullest and most idiotic jugglery—a lot of fools shut up in a darkened room to be played upon by one or two knaves.”

“No doubt that there are many impostors, and that a lot of humbug is mixed up with it. Nevertheless, I think I could convince you that spiritualism is a real science, and one of

which as yet we scarcely know the rudiments. I am only a beginner. Notwithstanding, I am almost sure I could make you see, as in a vision, any event of your past or future life that you might desire."

Here a pause in the conversation gives us an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the speakers.

The champion of spiritualism, Edwin Carruthers by name, was a man of about forty years of age, a member of the medical profession, and an accomplished scholar. In a particular manner he had made spiritualism and kindred subjects the objects of his study, and there are perhaps few men living who have considered such matters more deeply than he. Indeed, so far was he an adept in mystical studies, both ancient and modern, he began to believe that to him even the future was not altogether a sealed book, and he now felt himself seized with a strong and unaccountable desire to test upon his companion the reality of what he looked upon as important and remarkable discoveries.

His friend, James Thornley, appeared to be about four or five and twenty, but was in reality younger. He was rather above the middle height, stout in figure, and florid in complexion. In spite of the appearance of considerable strength, he had been advised to join only with moderation in the athletic sports for which he had a passion, as his heart was so far affected that undue exertion or excessive agitation might at any time prove dangerous to him. This threat, however, did not trouble him much, as he was of an easy disposition, had sufficient means to make quite unnecessary any exercise not of his own choice, and was fully determined to take life quietly, and not to disturb himself, nor allow himself to be disturbed, about trifles.

After a few moments' silence, Thornley was the first who spoke.

"I don't much like playing with these matters, and above all, Carruthers, I have no faith in your powers. But you may

just try if you can make me see in a vision the mode and circumstances of my death. It will not excite me, you know ; for I shall look upon anything that may happen as only a trick of fancy."

The doctor was on the point of advising him to choose some less serious moment for the experiment, but, yielding to a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, consented to his friend's proposal, and finding, as he had expected, that Thornley was a favourable subject, he speedily brought him into the condition he desired, and now both saw and were actors in the same scene. And this is what they saw :

An Eastern landscape with palm trees and turbaned figures, some still and others moving about. But all accessories were somewhat vague and indistinct. The principal figures only were clear and fully revealed. Thornley appeared to himself to be lying on the ground, either wounded or in some other way perfectly helpless. Above him stood Carruthers, wearing a fez of bright scarlet, and otherwise in Turkish garb. He seemed to glare upon his victim with terrible ferocity, and without uttering a word plunged a dagger violently into his heart. It must be observed that this was not a vision seen as in a mirror, but an event actually realized, in which each of the principals acted or suffered in his own person. Thus Thornley, occupied entirely in watching the assassin, took no note of his own apparel, although sufficiently aware of his surroundings to suppose himself in some Eastern clime. In the same way the doctor, acting the murderous part which fate had allotted him, saw nothing so clearly as the appealing, terrified look of his friend as he struck the fatal blow. He noted, however, that he was fantastically dressed in what seemed to be a suit of armour. Thus each could afterwards recall as vividly as if it were actually present the likeness of his friend as he had seen it ; but neither of them had much idea of the appearance which he had himself presented.

"Have you seen anything?" said the doctor, soon after Thornley had recovered himself.

"I had a sort of a dream," said Thornley, "but it will not come true. Why, if that is a true vision, I can postpone its fulfilment indefinitely. It appears that I am to die in Turkey or Greece, or some such place, so I have only to avoid travelling in that part of the world to keep on living. It is not likely I shall ever go there at all. I have no business transactions, and if the impression of what I saw (for it really has impressed me more than I expected) remains as powerful as it is just now, I shall take my pleasure elsewhere."

"But what did you see?" asked the doctor.

"I thought I was lying on the ground," was the reply, "in some Oriental locality, and a fellow with a sort of scarlet cap on his head, stabbed me right through to the heart with a dagger."

"But could you see the face of murderer?" said the doctor eagerly.

"I could, and it looked horribly fierce;" and thus for a while they continued the conversation—Thornley not choosing to inform his friend that the face he had seen was that of the doctor himself, and the latter deeming it prudent to conceal the fact that he also had had a vision which in all respects corresponded with that of his companion.

It can hardly be said that either of them fully believed in the truth of the vision. Thornley had entered upon the trial lightly, and the incident shown to him appeared so intrinsically improbable that he easily persuaded himself that it was a complete delusion. Nevertheless he could not entirely divest himself of a feeling of undefined apprehension and alarm with regard to the matter. Carruthers had from the first taken a more serious interest in the experiment, but upon reflection inclined to the opinion that he had not really succeeded in forecasting the future. He had lately been reading an immense

deal concerning Eastern travel, and the idea of such a murder might easily occur to him ; and, according to his theory, the thoughts that were in his own mind would very probably be reflected in that of the subject of his operations.

Some two or three years had passed, and meanwhile Carruthers and Thornley had seen little of each other. The former continued fully occupied in abstruse studies, which, combined with the duties of his profession, gave him but little time for rest. Whether from this cause or from the nature of his pursuits, he seemed to become daily more unsettled in mind, so much so that his increasing singularities of speech and manner began to give rise to the suspicion that he was in imminent danger of positive madness. However, as yet there were not sufficient grounds to deprive him of his liberty, so he continued to study and to practise.

Thornley had travelled about a great deal, but had taken care to avoid Oriental climes. Norway and Denmark, Italy and the United States, almost all Europe except Turkey and the Levant he allowed himself to visit, but the continent of Asia and the North of Africa he felt—despite a conviction of his own superstition—to be closed and forbidden ground. He now found himself, having returned from a long tour in France, one of a large party assembled at Thorndike Grange, the seat of Sir William Mowbray in Berkshire.

The weather had been horribly bad, the rain falling un pityingly day after day, and there was still no sign of improvement. Sir William's guests had thus to fall back upon such indoor amusements as they could devise. Arthur Mowbray, the eldest son, was the life and soul of the party, and did more than all the rest to make the time pass agreeably. He was now planning a series of scenes, a sort of dramatic representation, with which to beguile the long winter evenings. Some subject connected with the Crusades had been chosen, and rich and picturesque costumes had been improvised. One

of the guests, an artist, had painted scenery which was really effective.

Thornley, who had from the first been keenly interested in the various preparations, was to take the part of a Frank and to wear a very becoming suit of armour. One day, during rehearsal, he was suddenly struck by the resemblance of the scene to the dimly shadowed landscape show to him in his vision. However, in the scenes or tableaux as designed there was no stabbing, and above all Dr. Carruthers, although a friend of Sir William's, was not of the party. So it was most unlikely that the vision in its essential particulars could be reproduced. Nevertheless he could not help feeling uneasy, and when he found that he had to counterfeit repose, surrounded by turbaned warriors, some watching and some sleeping, he felt strongly tempted to avoid by timely flight so ominous a position. But he still prided himself upon his scepticism, and argued that such a flight would really imply that he gave credence to what he had always affected to regard as totally unworthy of belief, forgetting that he had never planned a course of travel without allowing that very circumstance to influence his decision. Besides for Thornley there was an attraction at Thorndike Grange. Sir William had a daughter, and she and the handsome young Frank were brought together several times during the drama, and he hoped to improve the opportunity by deepening an impression which he flattered himself he had made upon one who was already dear to him.

During the last rehearsal, the day before the actual representation, Thornley noticed upon the head of one of the subordinate actors a sort of fez of brilliant scarlet. That was the same cap as he had seen in the vision on the head of Carruthers, and the sight of it agitated Thornley violently. "Take that off," he cried impetuously. "I won't appear if that is worn."

"Why Thornley," said Arthur Mowbray, "one would

think you were a bull, you look so horrified at the scarlet."

"I don't care what you think of me," cried Thornley, "but that cap must not be worn. You may call it a whim ; madness, if you like—but unless the colour is changed I must throw up my part."

"Gently, gently; don't be excited, man," said Arthur. "It seems unreasonable ; still, we will give Johnson a green cap, in which he will look just as well."

The next day passed anxiously with Thornley. Every moment he grew more and more uneasy, and but for shame he would have withdrawn from the performance, and waited some other opportunity of prosecuting his suit with Ada Mowbray. His depression of spirits was evident to all, and it was some little consolation to him to feel that it seemed to give concern to her whose sympathy he most valued and desired.

Soon after nightfall, when the drama was already in progress, a servant quietly announced to Arthur Mowbray the unexpected arrival of a new visitor—Dr. Carruthers. Unable to leave the scene which he was superintending, he sought out one of the guests—a Mr. Daryl—and asked him to receive the doctor, explain how they were engaged, and apologize for his own absence. Mr. Daryl hastened to the room into which Dr. Carruthers had been shown, and was immediately struck by the peculiarity of the new-comer's expression and the wildness of his manner. As soon as the doctor had heard Mr. Daryl's explanation he burst out into a boisterous fit of laughter.

"I have come just in time," he exclaimed. "I am glad to be here, for at home I am watched—I am watched!"—here he looked round him suspiciously—"but in this house I shall be free. And now 'the play's the thing,' as Hamlet says. You must put me on the stage ; I know how to act ; I will show them something that they do not expect—something that has not been rehearsed. Come, come, find me a fancy dress of some sort, and I'll go on at once."

"You must do nothing of the sort," said Mr. Daryl. "You will interrupt and spoil what has been long preparing. Better rest for a while, arrange your dress a little, and if you are not in want of refreshment after your journey, quietly join the audience. You will be in time for the finale, which I am told is the prettiest part."

The doctor, however, was not so easily pacified ; and finding him in so strange a humour, Daryl thought it would be better to let him go on in the last scene, which was very crowded, with a promise to remain in the background.

"You must find me some costume," said the doctor.

"That is easy," replied Daryl. "There are several lying about thrown aside by characters who have been supposed to die or disappear during the course of the drama ;" and he led the way to the temporary green room.

Here they easily found a sort of gaberdine that would look well enough if the doctor kept, as proposed, away from the front.

"What a love of a dagger !" said the doctor, gazing quite fondly upon one which had been taken out of a cabinet of curiosities for the occasion. "I must put this in my belt. Do you know, I once dreamed that I had a dagger, just like this, in my hand, and I saw a friend of mine lying on the ground close by me." And here his voice changed to a distinct intense whisper.—"*I murdered him !* Don't be frightened," continued the doctor ; "it was only a dream, you know. But now I must have a cap or turban of some sort."

"Here is one," said a young servant who had been attending on them, "one that nobody has yet worn." And he handed them the very scarlet fez to which Thornley had objected.

"The very thing," cried Carruthers. "And now I am complete."

Daryl, not without some misgiving, suffered him to enter at the back of the stage. Meanwhile the play had been proceeding, and Thornley had acted his part especially well. As the

night wore on and the performance was drawing to a close his spirits became more buoyant, until the time came for the arrangement of the last tableau, when the attitude he was expected to assume irresistibly reminded him of all that he most desired to banish from his memory. The rapid beating of his heart warned him of danger, but it was too late to recede. He had but to control himself for a few moments and all would be well ; and after all, he thought, Carruthers was absent.

He remained for some time half sitting and half lying, in an attitude of repose, when he was conscious of some unexpected motion among the performers, and lifted his eyes to see before him, what most he dreaded—Carruthers ! wearing the scarlet fez, the dagger glittering in his hand, his face convulsed with an insane frenzy. Speechless with horror, he raised his hands as though in defence, and seemed, by his pathetic looks, to appeal for mercy. To most of the audience this appeared like consummate acting, and the hall rang with applause. In the midst of this, Thornley, filled with horror, raised himself, but only to fall heavily upon the ground.

The doctor's professional instincts were aroused ; and it did not take long to convince him that Thornley's pulse would never throb again, and that fear and excitement had done the work which his own mad act had so nearly accomplished. This knowledge caused a return of the doctor's paroxysms, and the company broke up in "most admired disorder." At the investigation which took place shortly afterwards it was announced that Thornley had died of heart disease, accelerated by terror. Dr. Carruthers, whose madness became more and more confirmed, was consigned to an asylum, where he is likely to pass the remainder of his days.

No one had been in the confidence of either party with respect to the vision, and the world at large knew only the fatal result. Whatever may have been the origin of the presage it had been perfectly useless. Not only had it not assisted the

victim to escape the foreshadowed catastrophe—which perhaps it is hardly reasonable to expect a prophecy to do—but it had almost seemed to create the conditions and events which it had foretold.

“Be those juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in double sense :
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.”

EDWARD BOURNE.

A Feast of Dedication.

"Elegi locum istum mihi in domum sacrificii."—II. Paral. vii. 12.

THROUGH tinted pane the summer sun beams bright
On banner fair,
On rose and lily wreath, entwining stall
And sculptured chair ;
Levite and Priest in shining vestment stand,
Snow-white and gold ;
From censer breathes the odour which perfumed
Sion of old.

Fragrant and bright God's altar gleams with flowers
And tapers tall.
Hushed is the voice of song. A silence dread
Broods over all.
With tonsured head, in sombre raiment clad,
A reverent band,
Devout and prayerful—Benedict's blest sons—
Expectant stand.

And in their midst, wearing the same rough garb,
On chancel floor
A slender, boyish form kneels lowly down,
The shrine before.
With firm, unfaltering voice God's chosen child,
In accents grave,
Chants forth his ready vow, to lose his life
His life to save ;

Calls on the hidden God behind the veil
 To deign to hear ;
Summons Heaven's blessed bands of shining saints
 Now to draw near.
The words float gently through the listening air
 Light as a breath ;
Yet like a two-edged sword their might is felt
 Piercing to death.

"Promitto coram Deo"—words of awe
 To angel ear—
Thrill waiting human hearts with gladdest joy,
 Yet chastening fear.
God of High Heaven takes for His pure abode
 His creature's heart :
For sacrifice and praise, from din of earth,
 Sets it apart.

O joyful sweeping of angelic harps,
 All thankful now !
O song of jubilation welcoming
 The spoken vow !
O majesty of God, driving from hence
 All love of earth,
Making life's richest, choicest treasures seem
 Of little worth !

O happy soul, O peaceful soul ! Be thine
 The martyr's palm.
O valiant one ! Amidst the battle's din
 Be thine the calm,
Which Christ, our Master, promises among
 The hundredfold :
A foretaste of the rest awaiting thee
 With joys untold.

Welcome thy God this day to His abode
 Within thy heart :
Never again to leave, until the veil
 Be rent apart,
And those full eyes, heavy with tears of joy
 And love to-day,
On the King's beauty gaze in that bright land
 Not far away !

DOM. M. BARRETT, O.S.B.

Fort Augustus.

On Drapery and its Interpretation.

THERE are two ways in which the human form is represented by art : the first is to exhibit it in the state of nature without any covering ; the second is to display it through the medium of drapery. The first of these methods prevails chiefly in sculpture ; the second, in painting.

Considering that drapery is extensively adopted in both these arts, almost as much so as in every-day life, it is of moment that artists should have a distinct conception of what they propose to themselves when, in place of exhibiting the natural form, whether in action or repose, they enter into a compromise, and, while preserving that form, display its effects through some suitable medium. In real life the dress is moulded to the form ; in art, the dress itself (with the exception of the face, which is seldom veiled, and a few other features) constitutes the figure.

In sculpture, as in painting, Venus is represented as undraped, or clad slightly ; Diana as draped. These typical forms, the one of beauty, the other of chastity, bear in themselves the motive of this distinction. Muscular figures are usually undraped, especially those of an heroic period, it being difficult to render the vast and playful features of strength in mere drapery.

Sculpture and painting are alike concerned in form, but painting pursues it in its coloured aspects. Perhaps the reason why sculptors have abandoned the practice of tinting their statues is that by imparting to them the beauty of colour they sacrificed simplicity. So long as sculpture confines itself to form, painting is the only art that imitates Nature to the full ;

living Nature everywhere puts forth and emblemizes her mysterious operations in colour.

These remarks lead to an all-absorbing question, one that demands a very clear and definite reply, inasmuch as it involves every principle of art. The question is : What do drapery and colour represent ?

No reply based on conventional principles is of any value ; no reference to a feeling, or an instinct, or a genius for drapery and colour is of the slightest worth. An artist, however great his facility of execution may be, will never add a single glory to art if he conceives that he can mould drapery and determine its tints by the aid of an exquisite taste.

In drapery there is no fold or tint that is not called upon to make a revelation ; yet more frequently than otherwise the design catches the eye without enlightening the mind of a spectator. With no disrespect, but with the purpose to show that art is a science, it must be openly said that the ground on which dress is designed, that of taste, is not the one on which an artist can design drapery or mingle colours. In high art there is no empiricism ; he who aims at the ideal must repose on eternal principles, those found in Nature, and through them must be armed with a reason for every shape and shadow that he causes to grow upon his canvas.

Of what use to students have been the marvels, not to say of form, but of drapery, that are seen in the old sculptures of Greece ? The ingenuity which interprets hieroglyphics does not interpret these ; they are admired in the language of rhetoric, not of knowledge. Look at such masterpieces of drapery as those which invest Aphrodite and Peitho ; no one attaches a special meaning to them. They are contemplated with a kind of awe ; they are described as unique, unapproachable, inimitable, but no one explains their meaning or discovers in them the idea that they symbolize. It is true that they are unique, for the art they embody perished with their authors ;

but they are inimitable only because the principles on which they took their rise have been lost.

It is scarcely surprising that these ideals remain uninterpreted when no one has satisfactorily explained what drapery itself means beyond its serving as decorous and beautiful covering. If Buonarroti, or Titian, or Raphael had penetrated the principles on which drapery rests, their work might have attained the level reached by Phidias and his class. A modern artist of genius who understood those principles might equal the ancient Greeks without imitating them, for, like them, he might invent without any limit to his ambition. How are these principles to be discovered? Some mistaken men would deduce the canons of art from antecedent art, not knowing that art is a science, in the same manner as others deduce the canons of drama and of poetry from Shaksperian and Homeric sources, forgetting that the laws of these exist only in human nature and in the human mind. Works illustrate the laws of art; they do not teach them.

Passing over the lower forms of life for the present, and beginning with the class that man is most intimately allied to, the mammals, it may be recalled to mind that in these, as a rule, the entire body is covered with fur, the diversified forms of which afford them clothing. Familiar examples are the sheep, the cow, the horse, the dog, the cat, the stag, the panther, the lion. These, and many others, have a natural clothing which has the same uses for them as dress has for human beings. This analogy requires no discursive reasoning to establish it; but, to acquire a true understanding of how the facts in connection with it bear on art, it is necessary to realize a certain truth—namely, that it is not the animal itself that is visible, but that a garment of hair covers it and takes its shape. This is a very simple abstraction; it is nevertheless one of high importance, for it contains within it the rudimentary law

of drapery, which may be expressed in a few words : Drapery represents that which it covers.

An attempt to interpret the marvels of antique drapery through natural laws may not be without its use. If one would know to what a pitch the art once attained, one need only turn to the works of old Greek sculptors ; if one would learn by what manœuvres of genius such work was achieved and how it is to be emulated by the moderns without servility, it is necessary to revert to Nature, and there to seek out principles, for such are the only infallible guides.

Here some would say that it is in vain to question Nature on any subject that is not within her province ; but the fancies and conceits of those who are thus ignorant on such a matter must be left outside the pale. On this there is only one steadfast point of view ; it is that drapery originally emanated from life itself.

Such a view draws forth a new idea of what drapery should be under all circumstances and in all situations, and gives to it an entirely fresh aspect, for it has for a long period been dissociated from Nature and has become an adjunct to fictitious art. This being the case, it is the more necessary to hold fast to a principle, a primary one, but susceptible of enlargement and capable of being traced everywhere throughout the range of animated being.

The law that drapery represents that which it covers, is not less evident in birds than in the mammalian series. It is revealed in their plumage ; it is even manifested in the wings and down of insects. Among familiar forms of birds are the canary, the farm-yard cock and hen, the duck, the goose, the turkey, the peacock. In all these it is palpable that the plumage is an emanation from life, and that it outwardly represents that which it covers and conceals, at the same time that it adds to it superficial beauty, both of outline and colour, as if to boast of the marvellous mechanism within.

This primary law has the utmost extension, and may be followed from the formal, or state of repose, into the emotional. The expanding wings of the condor vulture, the uplifted tail of the peacock, are vital movements; they show plainly that there is a mechanism underlying plumage which provides it with expression.

To the category of transitive expression belongs the erection of its quills by the porcupine when it is in a state of fear or anger; to that of permanent expression belongs the armour of the armadillo, the antlers of the deer, ready instruments of defence and offence, suggestive of helplessness on the one part and of pugnacity on the other. So far it is to be seen that the hidden emotional condition takes form and is made visible without through the medium of certain fixed features.

Nothing shows better than the plumage of birds how a natural drapery in direct communication with the seats of emotion represents with exactitude the motive-power within. The turkey-cock ruffles its feathers and erects its tail when it is excited. Its apparent form changes, its repose is lost. The effect, in a certain sense, is not beautiful, but it is suited to a bird so essentially stupid. Nature, however, is ever on the ascent; so, on looking higher, at the bird of paradise, a sight presents itself that commands admiration. This remarkable creature, which, without being a hero, like the eagle, is an aristocrat of its kind, has a highly decorated plumage—in this respect resembling the pheasant tribe, only it is more beautiful perhaps than any of that species except the peacock. The redundant plumage in the male bird of paradise is of exquisite texture, consisting of fine loose plumes, which rise from the neck and fall over the head like snowy spray. It has sometimes a disk of feathers in the form of a shield which irradiates tints of a metallic lustre. The peacock and other males of the pheasant family are marked with the choicest colours; they appear to have generated from within an organic spectrum, so

brilliant that it dazzles the spectator's eyes. All this magnificence plays a part in the economy of Nature ; it is calculated to attract the modestly attired hens, for the birds which bear it are, for the most part, polygamous ; they never pair, but, by the display of their fine feathers, collect around them a seraglio, consisting often of ten or a dozen females, before which they strut.

In these animal forms beauty and colour are in correlation ; the one is revealed through the other ; colour is shaped, and shape is coloured. Beauty is, of course, only recognizable through sympathy ; that which is most perfect to any animal is its own form or likeness ; there is, therefore, no ground for declaring any living form absolutely beautiful. It is different with colour ; this property of matter is dazzling to all conscious beings alike ; in the birds above described it is a means of exciting and overawing ; it typifies an emotional condition, and awakens a like condition in others.

These principles any thoughtful observer may gather for himself ; they are to be found wherever life exists, and need not be dwelt on further than to show what drapery and colour mean, and how firm is their hold on Nature. The bright colours in living forms, both in the animal and vegetable series, are so closely attendant on a particular period of growth that if the circumstance has any meaning at all it is that colour, in its fulness, represents maturity. Simultaneously with the formation of the seed-germ in plants, the flower bud makes its appearance, and at the same time that puberty is reached in animated beings, their colour, whether of the hair or of the feathers, attains its richest and brightest hues. Colour is the emblem of fertility throughout living Nature ; as such it passes through its many tints—pale in the unopen flower, brilliant at the period of fecundity, then fading into the autumnal shades.

How these principles bear on art is an important question, and will be recurred to another time in connection with the

colour that drapery should take during various emotional states and at different ages.

In pursuing these, the only, means of rescuing drapery from the domain of fancy and of subjecting it to invention, with Nature as a basis, it has next to be considered from its highest point of view—namely, as the covering of man, and as such the representative of form in every attitude and under every state of feeling. At this crucial stage of the inquiry it must be shown, or the argument is lost, that, although man comes into the world naked and his covering has to be provided for him, there is yet a link which connects him with the lower creation as regards clothing, and preserves that continuity of purpose which makes all living creatures one.

The only remnant of covering which man inherits from his predecessors, it may be his ancestors of a lower grade, is the hair, and even this is localized. Though scanty at birth, it is profuse of growth, and it may be assumed to be the natural foundation of human drapery. It is adequate to fulfil the purposes of a covering ; it can be made to express form and emotion. To show by what almost insensible grades Nature preserves her continuity, it may be recalled that the dark colour of the skin in the Ethiopian and Mongolian replaces hair and occupies the parts where it is suppressed, and that with a notable effect. Colour in the lower races is probably a vestige of hair, the dark pigment that remains in the blood being deposited in the skin. The dark colour, as an intelligent observer has remarked, subserves the purpose of a vestment in the Negro. It reflects but little light, and has the dusky appearance of a tight-fitting black dress, the illusion being enhanced by a necklace of coral beads. Voluptuousness of form, which is all that needs to be kept out of view in a tropical climate where clothing is burdensome, is thus but little conspicuous. This singular adjustment of Nature to circumstance, the dark skin,

may be regarded as providing a rudimentary veil to the body, which dulls its naked aspect.

But hair, which, repressed elsewhere, has an inordinate growth at the head, furnishes a real drapery, and by the time that puberty sets in attains a length adequate to conceal the chief features of the body, while, owing to its softness and flexibility, it is susceptible of arrangement in exquisitely graceful folds. In times of pre-eminent culture, when self-conscious virtue had not degenerated into prudery, the dress might be made scant, yet all the effects of concealment be preserved : a truth that explains why women not less strong in their self-respect than in their love of art will freely study an Apollo or a Venus in the presence of men. There is a pervading harmony in art which, when observed in lightly draped sculpture, actually does the work of concealment, though perhaps in a manner too subtle to strike some minds with its force. The features of the face and body may be depicted together in such perfect accord as to appear one. This principle of harmony is the leading character of many ancient statues. There is a Venus, now among the Townley marbles, draped only from the waist downwards ; in this figure there is an action which brings every part above the waist into play with a grace almost inconceivable. The head is inclining to the right, the left arm is raised and bends towards it, the drapery has been flung over the right arm, which curves upwards to sustain it in its place. The beauty of the attitude is marvellously varied by the curves of the arms being in opposite planes. Any one who has noticed the motions of the conger eel as it leisurely takes its way through the water, with its duplicate curves at right angles to each other, will the better appreciate the movements of the arms in this figure. The expression of the face, of the bosom, of every part, is in such perfect harmony that the observer's attention is attracted to them as a whole, and cannot give itself up to any single feature without an effort. It may almost be said that

harmony in art supersedes the use of drapery. In this respect it achieves an end quite as remarkable as that attained by the dark skin of the Negro, of which the effect is so subtle. Such is the feeling inspired by this marble: every feature so plays the part of the rest that to examine any one in detail is like detaching a single note from the others in a fine symphony. The arms of this Venus have been restored, perhaps not correctly, but this circumstance does not affect the interpretation of the work as it now exists.

In contrast to this spiritual drapery, a few words may be said concerning those statues, partly draped, in which the sculptor's purpose is seen to be the exposure of some feature, such as the breast—a design often inanely carried out by modern artists as if by accident, while the real intention is palpable. But in the statue of a wounded Amazon, the object seeks no disguise. In this lofty figure the right arm bends over the head and enhances the height; the left arm leans; the face is expressive of suppressed pain. The drapery slopes from the right shoulder diagonally, and reaches to the waist on the left side; in the naked space hangs the one breast that is visible, so vast, so solitary, that it resembles an orb suspended in a firmament and soon to set. This figure, in the boldness of its beauty, awakens no other emotion than that of the tenderest compassion. While draped, as it were, in its own modesty, it announces a sorrow deeper-lying than the beauty it displays.

When hair was the only drapery and the wants of dress little known, it is easy to perceive how by the aid of a zone it might be trained into a graceful covering; naturally adjusting itself to the form and outwardly representing what it covers and conceals. Like all natural drapery, the hair becomes emblematic of emotion under circumstances of joy and sorrow, love and hate. In joy it accompanies every lively movement; in grief it hangs neglected over the downcast face and loosely hides the stricken

bosom. In love it is enwreathed in flowers ; in rage it hangs dishevelled, torn by the hands, when before it was thrown by them into flowing lines of order.

When human ingenuity substituted textile fabrics for the natural covering, the instinct of what these represented in the form of drapery was not lost, though it may have fallen for a time into abeyance. It certainly sank into a substratum of feeling with the Egyptians and other Orientals, and only rose again to the surface with the ancient Greeks, by whose art the entire problem of human drapery was recognized and solved. Whether instinct or philosophic insight led those people to the results they attained is a further question. The Bacchanalian orgies suggested the opportunity to them of representing primitive man attired in the skins of wild beasts, unconsciously but appropriately carried on the back as emblems of savage nature. This is delineated in the Townley Vase, whereon a Faun is draped in the ample skin of a panther, which gravitates into natural folds over his arm as he uplifts a thyrsus.

The period when the skins of beasts were thus worn was not remote from that when hair, with slight adjuncts, was the only raiment, and skins were finally succeeded by textile fabrics. The intermingling of hair and robes is admirably shown in a Satyr upon the same vase—a human form not yet fully emerged from the brute creation. This figure bears an amphora of wine and has a robe over the neck and shoulders, but the legs are hidden in long, shaggy hair from above to below the knees.

Here, then, ancient art pursues the principle of drapery as pre-existent in the animal series and as inherited by man. In a bas-relief of three figures found at Cività Vecchia this idea is subtly carried out in the robe of a Bacchante, in order to show the transition from natural drapery, the hair, to textile, made to imitate its effects. The girl is holding up a tambourine, and her head is thrown back in such manner that her hair is in proximity with her robe, which is open, and exposes the right

side of her body. The robe falls in plaits which might have been formed from the hair itself had it been loosed from the head and similarly been combed down behind.

These considerations suffice to indicate a natural drapery, and to show how this was supplanted by textile as time wore on. With this improvement the natural principle was not abandoned; on the contrary, it became elevated to the highest pitch at a period of unprecedented culture and perfected art.

In the Townley Vase there are four female Bacchantes; in them the drapery is translucent, ample; it floats in harmony with the dance, or falls in graceful waves, following the figures, not impeding, but seeming to partake of their movements. In one of these bewitching nymphs the robe lightly hangs from between her left fingers over the arm as it dances in the air. The same uncertain touch supports the robe of a Bacchante which is shown in a reserved chamber of the Vatican.

“A flushed Bacchante breathes the nectarous gale,
And with uncertain fingers lightly holds
Her ruffled robe behind her, like a sail,
That flutters wide in loose, inebriate folds.”

In contrast to these representations of youthful pleasure, in which what is most sad is made most beautiful, is a figure of one of Diana's nymphs, seated on the ground, her unobtrusive loveliness closely draped in the garb of unconscious chastity.

The drapery that art has allotted to Venus is strictly local, and is made dense in order to express the invisibility of what it hides. The marble Venus has at least the earthly attribute of omnipresence: it abounds in European collections, as in the Louvre, some examples of it being still held to be problematical. But there is a character which almost infallibly identifies this figure; it is that the drapery is so arranged as to be ready to fall off by its own weight. It is generally girded round the loins, but so insecurely that by a movement of the hand which

holds it, or of the arm or foot on the attitude of which its safety depends, it would drop to the ground. This is noticeable in a statue of Venus belonging to the British Museum, which has been thought by some to be Angerona, a goddess of Silence. The drapery has already glided from the figure to the left thigh.

The Venus of Cnidos was the delight of all until that of Milo appeared, and is now rated much below its merit, irrespective of the masterly manner in which the missing parts have been restored to it by Michael Angelo. This figure is of a finer and more delicate cast than any others of its type, and, despite its modern depreciators, retains a place in that enchanted chamber which encloses the chief treasures of the Uffizii. It is further the exponent above all other works of a principle in art which recognizes the hands as a living drapery in the nude figure. A Venus of the same type in the Vatican is much prized; more than one in the Louvre has an illustrative value from the varied manner in which it is girded at the loins.

The lower hand in the Venus of Cnidos must prove to an anatomical student one of the most surprising conceptions that Michael Angelo ever gave birth to: with true imagination it embodies the utmost energy of purpose, the almost agonizing desire of concealment. In this sense the hand becomes an emotional covering, most exquisitely portrayed. To give the hand its utmost capability of affording shelter, the wrist is painfully bent inwards, while the fingers are extended with a force which few can imitate and none sustain long. The art here displayed by Michael Angelo may surpass that in the original, but it has the same tendency to exhibit shame as a divine attribute, a conception that is encouraged even in the Venus of Milo.

Among the ancient marbles in the Louvre there are three Venuses noticeable from the drapery being insecure. In one it is kept in place by a bivalve shell held in the hands and pressed

against it ; in another it is supported by the hand only ; in a third it is fixed by the end being thrown across the left elbow. All this discloses an ideal of the lowest and most degrading kind. It plainly declares that the scanty covering of the goddess may be dispensed with in an instant, and the state of Nature re-assumed.

No human idea is perfect, however grand ; still it is regrettable to find that the Venus of Milo wears the same conventional drapery as her compeers, one expressive of immodesty, which is so contrary to her general demeanour. This statue presents the finest figure of a woman that, as far as discovery reaches, has ever been embodied in marble : it startles one into the belief that a revelation of something divine has been vouchsafed to human eyes. It dominates every object in the gallery at the farther recess of which it stands, crushing everything else in its presence, and absorbing all the spectator's attention. The charm that invests it arises from a certain spiritual drapery, metaphorically speaking ; that is to say, a harmony of purpose to which those features which are of necessity exposed to view contribute without being displayed on their own account. Every beauty of form appears pre-occupied in doing its part towards producing the grand effect of the whole.

This investing charm may be felt in the contemplation of the most passive marbles, but it is immensely enhanced by action, supremely so in the Venus of Milo. The unequalled gracefulness of this figure is achieved by the simple but subtle device of first setting the left foot upon a step, then raising the left arm. The whole body vibrates under these two actions, and settles into a new and finely balanced attitude, a difficult one to sustain, except in a woman of great strength and symmetry, since it brings all the superficial muscles into play. By these means the monotony of the erect posture is overcome, a variety of novel curves takes its place, and characters are developed which have no visible existence in a state of

repose. What these changes are may be described in a general account of the figure. The left leg is raised and bent forward owing to the foot being supported on a step at the same time that the left shoulder, originally with the arm now missing, is uplifted. This attitude shifts the centre of gravity and throws it into a line that commences at the right foot, crosses the left knee to the waist, and passes thence to the intermammary space and the left side of the neck.

These deviations from the erect posture, and the balancing of the figure in accordance with them, exhibit surprising skill and a masterly power of invention. The left breast, partaking of the movement given to the arm, is made to join in the action which is going on, instead of displaying itself in that passive, Venustal beauty which invites special attention; it is thus merged in the universal feeling. It is in this that the genius of invention proclaims itself as distinct from the imitative art; it can give a new aspect to the commonest object in Nature, the human form. In an ordinary posture the figure of this same Venus would be worthless, though it retained all its proportions; its entire charm is secured by every muscle being called into play and made tributary to a wholly new combination. The figure, swaying to the left at the loins, then to the right (from midway between its drapery and the waist to the breast), then again to the left up to the shoulders, which also take a forward bend, gives rise to curves more exquisite in grace than have ever met in a woman's shape before, at least in marble. As an index to these, the *linea alba* is displayed, partaking of their direction in front, while the spinal groove subserves the same most expressive purpose at the back. The head and neck of this figure are nearly erect; the face expresses a sweet temper and a perfect self-possession: the look is lovable rather than loving, and such as to be above either modesty or shame.

As this figure surpasses all others in grace and symmetry,

so are the so-called Fates more conspicuous than all other works for the charm of their drapery, every line of which appeals to the philosophic imagination. It is emotional in the highest sense : now gliding like thin water over features whose beauty swells beneath it, now like dense waves breaking across the limbs with a fury difficult to conceive and execute in marble. Before this mingling gentleness and intensity of emotion can be fully interpreted, it must be known whom these grand figures represent, and on what theme the truly silent music that involves them is composed. The circumstances are hidden, but a mighty symphony that celebrates them remains written, and as the eyes read it the ears seem to catch up the strain, and the soul lives in a labyrinth of enchantment. Are these beings calmly looking at the future, as its turbulent flood passes through them, or is it the present, pregnant with Minerva's birth, that, by introducing wisdom as a modifying influence into doom, gives the sudden shock under which the raiment curdles and congeals ?

All outward beauty is symbolic, and when its meaning is inscrutable to science it may still be expressed by the logic of poetry. This emotional drapery, for convenience, may be called Phidian, because the history and tradition attaching to it belong to an epoch of art bearing that name, all that resembles it in later periods being more or less a comparatively spiritless imitation. It has a firm foundation in Nature, and therefore in art, poetry, and drama. What sculptor or painter who has once convinced himself that drapery is a language would array King Lear in a plain, close-fitting drab, even though he had been a Quaker, at that momentous time when he effectually mocks and defies the storm with a rage of his own superior to its raging ? Phidias would have attired him in a robe that moved with every thunder-clap of the tempest, expressed from within. As in humble life the cat bristles, or the fretful porcupine erects its quills, or the lion shakes his mane in the

moment of anger, so would Phidias have represented the inmost emotions of Lear in the perturbed raiment that covered him.

All the notable drapery that has reached us from Greece has the Phidian type of expression, whether the work of the great sculptor himself or of the disciples he inspired. This type is distinguishable from all others by its expressiveness and fulness of meaning, under whatever aspect it comes forth, and on this account it is always suggestive. It may for one purpose be soft and flowing, for another formal, but it is always dramatically and poetically just. The Nymph of Diana alluded to previously is so strictly formal that it everywhere displays the shape, but the covering is so artfully wrinkled all over that a young life seems to vibrate through it at every point.

There is another variety of formal drapery which expresses motive by means of its strict rigidity. This is strongly asserted in the representation of Boreas, also in that of Iris bearing the news of Minerva's birth to Demeter and Persephone. It is shown in the Zeus of Otricoli, and other forms expressive of pride and stateliness or unbending purpose, the one phase of art understood by Chaldean, Babylonian, and Assyrian artists, in whose work the hair, beard, and raiment are, one and all, uncompromisingly rigid.

A strong example of the principle is seen in the hanging waist and skirt of the Athene Parthenas, heavy, cold, and unchangeable, so different from the ordinary robe and tunic. This hard covering suggests the eternal concealment of a beauty that is never to be beheld—the beauty of wisdom divine. This subjective manifestation, as in the Zeus above noticed, is devoid of feeling, the slightest glow of which is antagonistic to pure reason. Then the figure of Boreas on that dreadful voyage through space, and that of Iris bearing that eventful message, assert the total suppression of muscular forces: they move

along impelled by a divine impulse. As emotion is absent in the drapery of Minerva, so is it with the motor-power of Boreas ; his wings have collapsed under the pressure of the air through which he rushes, and his raiment, like that of Iris, is flattened from the same cause. The figure of "Winged Victory" in the British Museum elicits a similar remark. The realism of the Greeks is never shown more forcibly than in the rigid drapery now described. Its characteristic is immobility, whether this be applied to the concealment of all form in the expression of divine wisdom, or to the manifestation of an inherent power of flight such as no mechanical action of wings would be adequate to achieve.

Expressive as such conceptions are, the utmost beauty has been attained by the union of the rigid drapery with the fluent, though both when employed singly are admirable in their meaning. Fluent drapery may be said almost to have reached its climax in the Zeus of Colotes, which has been recovered from the great temple at Olympus. In this figure the drapery swirls like falling water that, on being suddenly diverted from its course, descends into a troubled pool. This fine display is susceptible of many interpretations, according to the different conceptions of those who would see in it a symbol of the god-like attributes. The sculptor was a pupil of Phidias, but he could contrast the emotional drapery of his Zeus with his master's rigid investment of Minerva, and so assert that the divine nature has many phases.

The art of blending this fluent drapery which covers emotion, with the rigid which conceals or denies its existence, is supremely manifest in the group called "The Fates." In this there is a confluence of the two styles, the emotional running into the cold-blooded in a manner hard to interpret, owing to the situation not being understood, though felt. Many as are the examples of the same style, which is the true Phidian, the recumbent figure of this group, with her arm on the lap of her

seated companion, has not its parallel. In the more delicate and translucent parts the drapery seems to have grown out of the flesh that is visible through it and endows it with life; an effect also manifest in the Ceres and Proserpine, part of the Parthenon system of sculptures. What remains of this reclining figure of the Fates is chiefly the draped mass, the head being lost; but the form is so fine and imposing that it startles the mind into a momentary belief in supernatural beauty. The drapery has the flow of animated waves. Its defined border above the bosom is smooth and glassy, but it swells under the left breast into turgidity, then again falls in a transparent film, everywhere revealing an exquisite symmetry before reaching the lower limbs, over which it appears to break like a turbulent stream across rocks.

In the figure seated at the right side of the other, the drapery is in the highest degree dense over the limbs, but attenuated at the knees in such a manner that their rotundity is displayed and the general symmetry is preserved. Here arises a surprising effect: the lower limbs seem encased in frozen waves, that have an icy transparency at their hollows. It is, however, in the recumbent figure of the group that this translucency is most notable; a garment without seam adjusts itself so as to cover, yet reveal, every rounded form in the body, while, by way of contrast, it belts the waist and limbs below in impenetrable furrows so harmoniously, so defiantly, as to hold the mind in awe. The eye gets entangled in the overflowing raiment—here smooth as water, here ribbed in antagonizing lines of beauty, the flush of which recalls a mountain torrent that swirls in both directions across an impeding boulder.

Many other examples exist of this mixed type of drapery, but where is its interpretation to be found? An artist possessed of a philosophic imagination, the rarest of gifts, and of emotional activity, will, on contemplating such works,

endeavour to find out the meaning within himself of such feelings as they inspire; he will not pause half way, and content himself with declaring that they have an indescribable fascination. When the subject is unknown, a general appreciation only of the motive can be arrived at; nevertheless the emotion it excites may be turned to account and made instructive, just as a musical composition, the theme of which is uncertain, may be set to words and made a vehicle of thought not less elevated than itself.

But although the subject in many of these Greek sculptures is only guessed at, in some it is perfectly well known. The uplifted robe of Niobe, its disordered folds, the hair rippling from the forehead—all these tremblings represent the woe which they accompany, and which is expressed on the panic-stricken mother's face. The raiment of Apollo Katharoides, seen in a statue in the Vatican, has a peculiarly subtle expression; at the right arm, which is approaching the lyre, it falls away in dead folds, which must be taken to represent the silence that precedes divinest melody, while on the left side, close to the instrument, it ripples in emotional expectation of the coming sounds.

There is a form of drapery to which allusion must be made as being expressive of strength: it may be called muscular drapery. It is seen in many figures of the Herculean type. Thus in the Amazon attributed to Polycleitos the covering is of a compact fibrous structure, which is massed as the muscles themselves are, and calls to mind the undraped figure done by Lysippus, called the Apoxyomenos, and that by Glycon, the Farnese Hercules, in both which the folds of muscle hang like actual raiment upon the body. With these and other examples of a like kind is to be associated the idea not only of drapery, but of armour. In a bronze figure of Hercules which is in the British Museum, the muscles are actually typical of a breast-plate, as they overlap each other,

showing that armour even may be constructed in accordance with natural conditions, and be made to represent that which it covers.

All drapery that is conceived in a true spirit of art is symbolical, and demands interpretation. When it is merely formal, representing the figure only, it conveys its own meaning—the robe and tunic speak for themselves; these vestments are so simple that they have been adopted from the Greek period to the present time without the taint of sartorism which vulgarizes modern art. A very different thing is emotional drapery, such as the ancients only have been able to conceive and realize; this can be interpreted and understood only by acute and subtle minds. In some respects it may be compared to a dead language, for it has been little read since it ceased to be spoken.

There is no subject more important to the art-student than the interpretation of emotional drapery; it is to him what the symbolic characters found in Egypt or Nineveh are to the philologist. When it becomes recognized that there is a language of drapery the man of genius will reject taste; he will base his ideas on principles, by which means alone his motive can be expressed whether in marble, or colour, or words.

In the interpretation of emotional drapery, the difficulty diminishes proportionately as the subject is known. But the best judges of Phidian sculpture have often failed to identify the story with the figure. In such instances there is much to be learnt by the mind placing itself in accord with what it sees, and eliciting a feeling which must be expressed in a manner dictated through the temperament of the spectator. Let us say Phidias is the Beethoven of sculpture; that his works have the suggestiveness of grand symphonies without words. Why should not the mind that can find a meaning in music discover one also in drapery that excites the deepest emotion?

Nothing in art, whether it be of painting, sculpture, poetry, or drama, is of the slightest value unless a motive pervades every part. For that reason an artist should think out fully and feel intensely whatever motive governs him. He should realize that, except the face, his whole work lies in the drapery, unless his figures are without representative covering. How, then, is he to become a master of others if he contents himself with wasting his technical skill on a drapery devoid of meaning, that tells no story, and that is often surpassed by the handicraft of our artisans, the *artistes* of a *beau monde*?

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

Honours Burked by Sir Bernard.

THERE is, perhaps, no feeling which is found more universally among men and women of all nations and classes than that of pride. It may be legitimate pride or unworthy pride ; pride of office, of wealth, nay, even of poverty. Sir Bernard Burke, and his fellows among compilers of peerages and baronetages and what not, are sometimes accused of being too indiscriminating in the number of names they bring together. But their unexpurgated edition of the county families still leaves untouched great fields of distinction, to which we now invite their attention ; for titles and ownership of lands are not the only glories to be attained by Britons. Any event which separates us from "the common herd" is fixed upon and treasured up, and related in and out of season. The memory of it is handed down to our children like an heirloom.

I suppose there are few people who have not some such precious memory, a sort of comfortable pedestal, however low, by which he is raised above the malarious atmosphere of the common-place. If the proud distinction is one which can never occur again, it is the most to be prized, for it actually renders a man in that respect at least unique. For example, I have a friend to whom it is a reflection of real solace, that he was the first to order and consume a cup of coffee in the refreshment room of the British Museum. This is an example of a distinction which can be shared by none. It makes my friend unique in this and every age. Equally unique is the omnibus driver who proudly boasts that he was the first to guide a vehicle over the Holborn Viaduct. Nor is this last a mere

empty sounding title to immortality, for the boast is from time to time rewarded by a coin to buy something stronger than coffee.

When the new palace in Bow Street, known as a Police Court, was first opened, a woman was charged with drunkenness, probably caused by excessive joy at the beauty of the brand-new building. The presiding magistrate, possibly influenced by the genial atmosphere of the virgin court, discharged the culprit without a fine. The woman's claim to immortality was secured. Had she allowed herself to get drunk a few days earlier she might have been relegated to prison and to oblivion. On what small causes do great things depend! Doubtless also the last prisoner in the old dock on the opposite side of Bow Street was treated with equal leniency—as, indeed, so unique an individual deserved to be.

But perhaps, since the time of Cromwell, no one has ever had so decidedly proud a distinction as those two licensed victuallers who made their way into the House of Commons during a division, and were discovered by the astonished legislators upon their return, calmly seated below the gangway on the Front Bench, under the pleasing delusion that they were in the gallery for Distinguished Strangers. They certainly were distinguished, and the heralding of the incident to the world by all the newspapers may have been to each hero some compensation for the fact that the glory of each was shared by the other. While speaking of things Parliamentary, I may observe that until quite lately Mr. Gladstone could have boasted among his many other distinctions that of being the only living man who had ever held the office of Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland; while an equally unique boast could have been made by Lord Selborne, who, until Sir Hardinge Giffard's promotion, was the only living man who had ever held the Great Seal. A tinge of melancholy must dim the pride with

which Lord Coleridge reflects that he is the last relic of the time-honoured Lord Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas ; while the position of Baron Huddleston as the Last of the Barons has surely some of the pathos and dignity which belong to an ancient survival.

Since the man who boasted that he had been kicked by a Duke, there surely was never so strange a title to fame as that of a gentleman who in his infancy was danced up and down by the hands of a King, and who, being of a bilious temperament, was guilty of a naturally resulting enormity, almost amounting to treason. Bilious also to some unfortunates is the swallowing of an oyster ; and it certainly is a wonder that the name of the hero has not been handed down who first ventured to eat what, with Mr. Sala's dread of a simple repetition, we will now mention as "the succulent bivalve." Let the man to whom oysters have been an acquired taste, and who could not have eaten them without the kindly aid of bread and butter, to say nothing of lemon and pepper, imagine the courage necessary to swallow the cold morsel of flabbiness and beard, without the strength imparted by the thought "What others have done, that can I !" But that pioneer must have been nearly as hot for distinction as the very ancient personage who, to gain it, set fire to the Temple of Ephesus. More legitimate—or what was generally held to be more legitimate—letting loose of fire and of sword is prodigal of distinctions, other than those which duly appear in the *Gazette*. Proud, for instance, was the first German who entered Paris in January 1871. I have heard that he was a young officer hardly out of his teens.

I shall, I trust, be forgiven if I have mixed up wise and foolish claims to distinction. I am merely writing a neglected chapter of history, and nobody will deny the existence of men and women who, in this matter, are geese, or worse ; for who

ever heard a goose boast that his wing had supplied the quill which signed a treaty? But if I have written what will give my readers a few minutes of pleasant occupation, my object has been attained; while if, unhappily, my article be pronounced dull, I shall have achieved, so far as MERRY ENGLAND is concerned, a unique distinction.

WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

Ways and Means for Freeing of the Schools.

WHEN the people have willed that all Elementary Schools shall be freed from the further imposition of fees, it must remain to be considered how the national will can be carried into effect with due regard to the rights of all parties. Plainly, on the one hand, the people who demand the boon must pay a fair price for it, and on the other they must take security that in return for their payment they receive honest value. The case of the Board Schools needs little consideration. They have been built by public money, and their maintenance from public sources is already secure. Their surrender of fees would at once be followed by increased contribution from rates, and would involve for them no risk of an adverse balance on the School Account.

Very different are the circumstances of Voluntary Schools. To a large extent they have been originally built by private donations, and they are wholly kept in repair and equipped by similar means. Moreover they draw nearly one-third of their maintenance from fees ; and having already pressed the generosity of their supporters to its extreme limit, they cannot hope to replace fees by additional subscriptions. In the schools, indeed, where fees are high and scholars are drawn from classes in easy circumstances, the abolition of fees will liberate an appreciable portion of the parents' income and should be followed by an increase in the subscription lists. In a ninepenny school a parent now pays about thirty-six shillings a year for each of his children. If for the future his children are to receive an equally good education free of charge,

he ought to subscribe at least £1 for every one of them to the school of his preference.

This consideration supplies an answer to the demand which has been set up that in any scheme for the abolition of fees the richer schools should obtain larger public aid than the poorer ones. Not so; the richer schools must look for an increase in private subscriptions; and if under equality in payments the poorer schools should gain something beyond their present fees, there will be substantial justice in the result. It is they which want the most. It is they which are starved for want of teaching staff and school material. It is in them that the work performed is the hardest, most irksome, and also most valuable to society. A tradesman's child, however educated, will rarely sink into pauperism or crime. It is the destitute child which needs the influence of a good school to keep him out of prison or the workhouse, and the efficient maintenance of a good school for destitute children is more costly than that of other schools. The large School Boards have learnt this lesson by experience, and they willingly spend the most upon the poorest schools. To take examples from two neighbouring schools in a poor quarter of South London. Upon a sixpenny school in Monnow Road, Bermondsey, the Board expends £2 3s. 0d. a year per child in gross cost and only 14s. 10d. in net cost; while at Westcott Street Board School, with a nominal fee of one penny, the gross cost is £3 10s. 8d., and the net cost £2 10s. 3d. After deducting fees and Government grant the Board's yearly expenditure from rates alone upon Westcott Street is greater by 7s. 3d. per child than the whole cost of keeping Monnow Road, where the children pay £1,017 11s. 3d. in fees and earn a Government grant of £1,564 19s. 5d. The Voluntary managers have not the pecuniary means of a great Board, but they freely bestow what is of more value than money in the time and labour and thought given without stint in the service of poor

schools. To break them down by additional burthens would be extremely impolitic on the part of the public whose best interests they promote in an exceptional manner.

But in every bargain there are two sides ; and if, in the abolition of school fees, an equitable arrangement can be made to secure adequate compensation to the managers of Voluntary Schools, the Voluntary managers may with justice be asked on their side to make full return to the people and to afford all reasonable proof that they do so. We can advance no further without raising a discussion of difficulty. If the managers of Voluntary Schools are asked to make a bargain with the people, who shall represent the people in the transaction ? School Boards are not as yet universal, and too often they are regarded as rivals of the Voluntary Schools. The School Attendance Committees of Unions, now found in all places without School Boards, are not understood to have been so active and successful in getting children to school as to warrant an extension of their duties. The Education Department which contributes the grant, might perhaps nominate some part of a representative body, and the School Board or Attendance Committee another part, and the subscribers to the school and parents of scholars a third part. Some local body must somehow be set up.

Assuming such a body to have been instituted in friendly relation with the managers of Voluntary Schools in the locality, its first duty would probably be to take security for the continuance of the Voluntary School for a fixed term. At present the managers are not bound to keep open their schools. They may receive the government grant one day and shut up the school the next ; and without wrong-doing. For the grant is paid for a year's work done and tested, and is always two months or more in arrear. But when a local body sends children to school with fees in their hand they may fairly require managers to stipulate not to close the school except

after such notice as would allow for the provision of another school. The Local Board should also have the duty of satisfying themselves with the condition of the school buildings, the sufficiency of the staff, the due registration of the attendance, and the correct keeping of accounts, with the right of complaint to the Education Department in case of default. The board, when satisfied, would pay periodically the school fees of all children attending the school to the person appointed by the managers to be their treasurer.

But what funds would the Local Board require for the purpose of paying fees? And from what source will the funds be best drawn? From the most recent Returns it would appear that Voluntary Schools are now maintained at an average cost of £1 15s. 0d. per child. Towards this amount the Government grant yields 16s. 4d., and subscribers contribute 7s. 6d. more, leaving 11s. 2d. as the average yearly school fee of a child, which may be taken to represent a weekly fee of 3d. a head. Such then is the amount which the Local Board should be prepared to hand over to the school treasurer weekly or monthly as may be arranged between the parties. To make yearly payments, after the manner of the Education Department several months after the money fell due, would by no means be satisfactory. The teachers' salaries would in that case be too likely to remain unpaid, and the entire system to become unhinged. Possibly the opportunity might be taken to modify the terms of the Government grant, raising the fixed grant on attendance from 4s. 6d. to 10s., repealing the Individual Examination grant which is extremely odious to teachers and amidst recent changes has really lost its meaning, and substituting for it a Merit grant of 5s., 10s., or 15s. per head according to the Inspector's assessment of the school as fair, good or excellent. The 17s. 6d. limit would be swept away, and on the average the schools would draw a somewhat more liberal grant from the Treasury.

For the rest it would seem desirable that the fund administered by the Local body in payment of fees should be raised by rate. By this means responsibility and economy will best be attained, and schools will be stimulated to acquire among their neighbours the high reputation for efficiency which is so valuable an aid to success. In School Board districts the fee-rate may be raised by precept from the Board, and in other districts the School Attendance Committees may receive special rating powers for the purpose.

Finally, the payment of fees should confer no right to interfere with the appointment of teachers, or the course of study, or the religious instruction. Voluntary Schools will remain denominational with a conscience clause. Parents who prefer them, will send children to them without payment. The schools will come forward into the light and obtain ampler recognition from the public as conferring priceless boons upon the people, not only by carefully and righteously training many neglected little ones and in this way saving the rates from an intolerable burthen, but by attracting the services of many kindly and sympathetic persons, extending the boundaries of benevolence and mutual good will, and in a manner obliterating the misunderstanding and separation of classes which threaten to mar our national unity.

S. N. STOKES.

Reviews and Views.

TO MUSIC.

FORGIVE me, sweetest music, that I dared
With my base hands, made but for mean employ,
To try to wrest from thee those sounds that shared,
Even amongst Angels, makes them full of joy ;
I had not been so bold, had I not cared
To win thy favours more than brightest toy
Of Earth. But thou wert silent, so I feared,
And dared no more thy sweet peace to annoy.
But thou, great Music, pitiful and kind,
Did'st give to my dear Love the power to draw
With her pure fingers those sweet strains that bind
My heart to hers ; so that I heard at last .
Thy gracious voice, filling with calm and awe.
With Love came music, and my woe was past.

T. WILLIS.

The readers of the Cardinal Newman number of MERRY ENGLAND may be glad to supplement the collection of letters there printed with the following, which was written nearly forty years ago, and which a correspondent sends to us for publication :—

“ My dear C——,

“ I see in the *Tablet* a passage professing to be extracted from the speech of a clergyman of the Church of England, to

the effect that I despise Dr. Wiseman, and that he hates me. We were all together here when it caught my eye, and I read it out. You, Charissime, who know us, may fancy what a shout of laughter it immediately raised.

"When it was over, I dismissed the matter as one of the hundred stories which have been circulated about me for many years past. It has since occurred to me, that the statement, absurd as it is, may have weight with others, especially persons in doubt, who have no means of knowing how matters stand with me, and who may be tempted to think that there must be some truth at the bottom of what they would grant is an exaggeration. And such persons, perhaps, will not only feel relief in finding me able to contradict it, but may be led on to the suspicion that possibly other imputations, which are confidently cast, not only on individuals but on authorities and practices of the Catholic Church, and which are from circumstances difficult to disprove, may nevertheless be as unfounded in fact as this, which happens to admit of a prompt denial.

"Please, then, to receive my distinct assurances that I do not despise Dr. Wiseman, and that I have very strong grounds for hoping that he does not hate me. On the contrary, let me confess, what I never told him, that, before I knew him, I feared I might not like him, if I knew him; but now that I am happily on intimate terms with him, my respect for him and attachment to him increase daily. Should any friend hesitate to accept this assurance, let him pay me a visit here of some weeks, and perhaps he will be convinced of that and of something else too. Many there are who remain separate from the Catholic Church, only because they have no experience of Catholics and their religion. For myself, while in the Church in which I was born, I kept aloof from Catholics from a feeling of duty: had I known them and their religion from personal acquaintance, I should have been exposed to a set of influences in their favour, from which in matter of fact

I was debarred. Let me trust, since I acted on principle, that I now receive as a reward what otherwise would have influenced me as a motive.

I write this without the knowledge or suggestion of any person whatever.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Mary Vale, *March* 31, 1846.

Seldom has a more simple and sincere spiritual book been put forth than the "Reading Diary" which Miss Christina Rossetti calls "Time Flies" (the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). The author's work presents a mingling of mediævalism (strained in many, spontaneous in her) with a most direct reality and actuality, a sense of the pressing present ; also a mingling of Italian simple subtlety in allegory and fancy, with a northern loftiness of imagination. These fine qualities are betrayed rather than revealed in these gentle, and now and then rather trivial, daily lessons, drawn from the suggestions of the Anglican calendar of festivals and Saints' days, from the lightest incidents, suggestions, and remembrances of daily life. The confusion between two obscure Saints of the same name yields interior thoughts of self-suppression and self-effacement ; the ways of swallows and frogs, examples of holy confidence and holy fear ; the beautiful and almost vital forms of old glass, that is blown, not moulded, give spiritual hints as to the action of grace. With these pieces of gentle prose are lyrics having the author's peculiar directness, if not the impassioned devoutness of some of her-best known sacred pieces :

Our life is long—Not so wise Angels say,
Who watch us waste it, trembling while they weigh
Against eternity one squandered day.

Our life is long—Not so the Saints protest,
 Filled full of consolation and of rest :
 “Short ill, long good, one long unending best.”

Our life is long—Christ’s word sounds different :
 “Night cometh : no more work when day is spent.”
 Repent and work to-day, work and repent.

The following is one of Miss Rossetti’s large thoughts on a little matter :

“The table of days upon which Easter can possibly fall shows that there are twelve days which must in all years alike be included among the forty-six week-days and Sundays of Lent. . . . At this point a grand idea suggests itself : that for nearly nineteen centuries these twelve solemn days, like twelve sibyls arrayed in mourning robes, have year by year sounded an alarm throughout the Church’s holy mountain ; calling on the faithful to bewail the past, amend the present, face the future.”

Immediately afterwards the author admits that the only thing she can do with her grand idea is to set it aside, on account of the obvious difficulties (which the reader is perfectly willing to ignore) raised by the varieties in the mode of computing Easter. She makes the lesson of March the 10th—the first of the twelve days—a lesson of pious honesty. March the 10th, she says, will do us great good if it conduces to our becoming accurate. All the pages in this “Reading Diary” are not equal for point and beauty, but the reader is persuaded of the writer’s intention as aiming at a sincerity and truth which point and beauty can only help to reach.

On the immemorial Carthaginian soil, in a lonely spot of this blooming, flowering African littoral, a chapel, dedicated to the tears of St. Monica, is now building. It is the place where once stood an oratory of St. Cyprian, to which St. Monica,

forsaken by her son, fled to pray weeping. St. Augustine says in his "Confessions":

"Even as she held me in her embrace, being minded to keep me with her or to go forth with me, I deceived her with the feint of wishing but to follow a friend to his embarkation, to wait for a wind. So I lied to my mother, and to such a mother! I got free from her. . . . And that same night I went away, while she was pouring forth prayers and tears. The wind arose and filled our sails, and soon we lost sight of the shore, whence my mother at morning light, distraught with sorrow, cried to our unheeding ears."

A more pathetic lamentation than Dido's, sounding from the same "wild sea banks."

Books for or about children have not further improved since the great improvement of some years ago. Saving the few excellent story-books which every one knows of, they have become thin in quality in proportion to the beauty of their form; and the quaint has become a little too deliberate. Quaintness has its value, but, as usual with us, it has been overwrought and overdone. It was treated like a discovery, proclaimed, and made too much of. Some of the prettiest books this year are quaint to inanity; and most people will be content to stop at the pictures and to leave the innocent grimaces of the letterpress alone. Unillustrated story-books generally have the same exaggeration in a more solid form. Our pleasure has been great, therefore, in finding a book which, though it bears the threateningly quaint title of "Nixies and Pixies" (London Literary Society), is a genuine thing, true of its kind, not desperately simple or picturesquely puerile. The author—Mrs. or Miss E. M. Shaw—has no story to tell, and has not taken the trouble to give her sketches a central incident, or to connect her personages with her fairies, or even to make the number and the names of the former very clear. But her

fragmentary work is full of charm, of a humour more than feminine, of a tender observation of the gayest little facts of childhood. There is a passage describing the adventures of Lady Shrimp, an adorable little girl, who swallows not only the white paint, but the three irritants administered as desperate remedies, with no results whatever. There is a charming little Bertha: "She knew 'The Brook' nearly by heart. . . . But for some time her elders were puzzled by her persistent refusal to let the brook loiter round its cresses, and her equally persistent substitution of another word, about the clear enunciation of which she was rather shy. Presently, however, the shyness wore off, and the novel reading became evident. With complete disregard of rhyme, it stood thus: 'I linger by my shingly bars; I loiter round my Bertha.' . . . Of cresses she knew nothing, but of Chrissy she knew a great deal; therefore Tennyson meant Chrissies when he wrote cresses. But that brook, man, or anything else could or should loiter round a Chrissy when there was a Bertha to the fore was an unallowable impossibility." The dog Jack "had hitherto regarded himself as a splendid, happy, galloping, barking, jumping entity, perplexed by no mixture of sensations, and not knowing as yet that he had four accidental paws, any one of which might be injured. This had really happened, and now he felt something very disagreeable, which certainly concerned himself, and yet which he entirely repudiated as belonging to himself. . . . He held the foot up. . . . On his three legs he came to friend after friend, plumping himself down with a grunt beside him or her, and offering his paw for investigation." Mrs. Jones (we go impartially from the dogs to the children) is a baby younger even than Lady Shrimp, who has a vocabulary altogether unequal to the constant demand made upon it by her manifold emotions and reflections. The mother and mistress of these and many more has desires (it is no wonder) for a state of things in which "one might first have a long, long sleep, and then get a

little painting done, and then begin to think one's little thoughts."

Mr. Walter Crane has taken a large manner in his picture-book, "*Slate-and-pencil-vania*" (Marcus Ward and Co.). The designs, in bold and beautiful outline, are accompanied by no more of what the children call "reading" than may be inscribed on a shell, or a flag, or a slate, at the corner of the picture. We hardly expect children to follow the rather difficult freaks of the designer's fancy—which is, in fact, ingenious enough to tax older wits—but they should get an unconscious lesson in form from the brilliantly free drawing and the spirit and simplicity of the decoration. Seldom has the artist done anything so gay and sympathetic as the figure of the little hero Jack, who wears a sailor suit that will persuade many a mother to forswear knickerbockers and Vandyck inventions for the hackneyed Jack-tar costume. The cranes of the cover, under Japanese inspiration, are full of movement and elegance. A very pleasant blue is the prevailing tint of the excellent colour-printing.

The account of St. John's Institution for Deaf and Dumb at Boston Spa, recently published in our pages, from the pen of Mrs. Vernon Blackburn, has aroused a good deal of interest among our readers:—Lawyer, per Editor of *MERRY ENGLAND*, £1 1s.; Mr. B. Whelan, per Editor of *MERRY ENGLAND*, £1 1s.; Mr. John White, £1; Mr. and Mrs. Powell, London, £1; Mr. P. Rouse, Hendon, £1 1s.; Mr. Jas. Allanson, Harrogate, £1; Mrs. Arkwright, Kemsford, 11s.; Mr. W. Eckersley, Halifax, 10s.; Mrs. R. Simpson, Torquay, £5; Mrs. H. C. Barnewall, London, 10s.; Mr. James Doran, Liverpool, £1; Mr. James Gibson, Bath, £1; Admiral Jerningham, 5s.; Mrs. Cahil, 10s.; Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, £1 1s.; Mr. Chas. Hy.

Cheetham, £1 1s.; Per Mgr. de Haerne, Friends in Belgium, £5 1s. 8d.; Anon., Galway, £10; Wilfrid Blunt, 5s.; and a few smaller sums, 11s. 6d. But the most pleasant part of the story has still to be told. The Archbishop of Glasgow and the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J., as is well-known, arranged together for the munificent distribution among various charities of a large sum which would have come, without question, to Father Eyre, had he not disqualified himself as a holder of property by merging himself in the Society to which he belongs. The Archbishop had taken kindly interest in St. John's Institution even before Mrs. Blackburn brought it so urgently under public notice. And the result is, his Grace has apportioned to St. John's, hampered by a payment of three per cent. during Father Eyre's lifetime, the splendid gift of £1,000. And what his Grace has done, he has done by way of example to other givers, not in their place. The Institution, which benefits a most pitiable class, and which is the only one of its kind in England, was never in greater straits than it now is. Nor can there at Christmastide be any charity more appropriate and more welcome than that which shows itself in the shape of help sent to the Rev. E. W. Dawson, to sustain and further him in his task of keeping holy and happy the pathetic deaf and dumb childhood of Catholic England.

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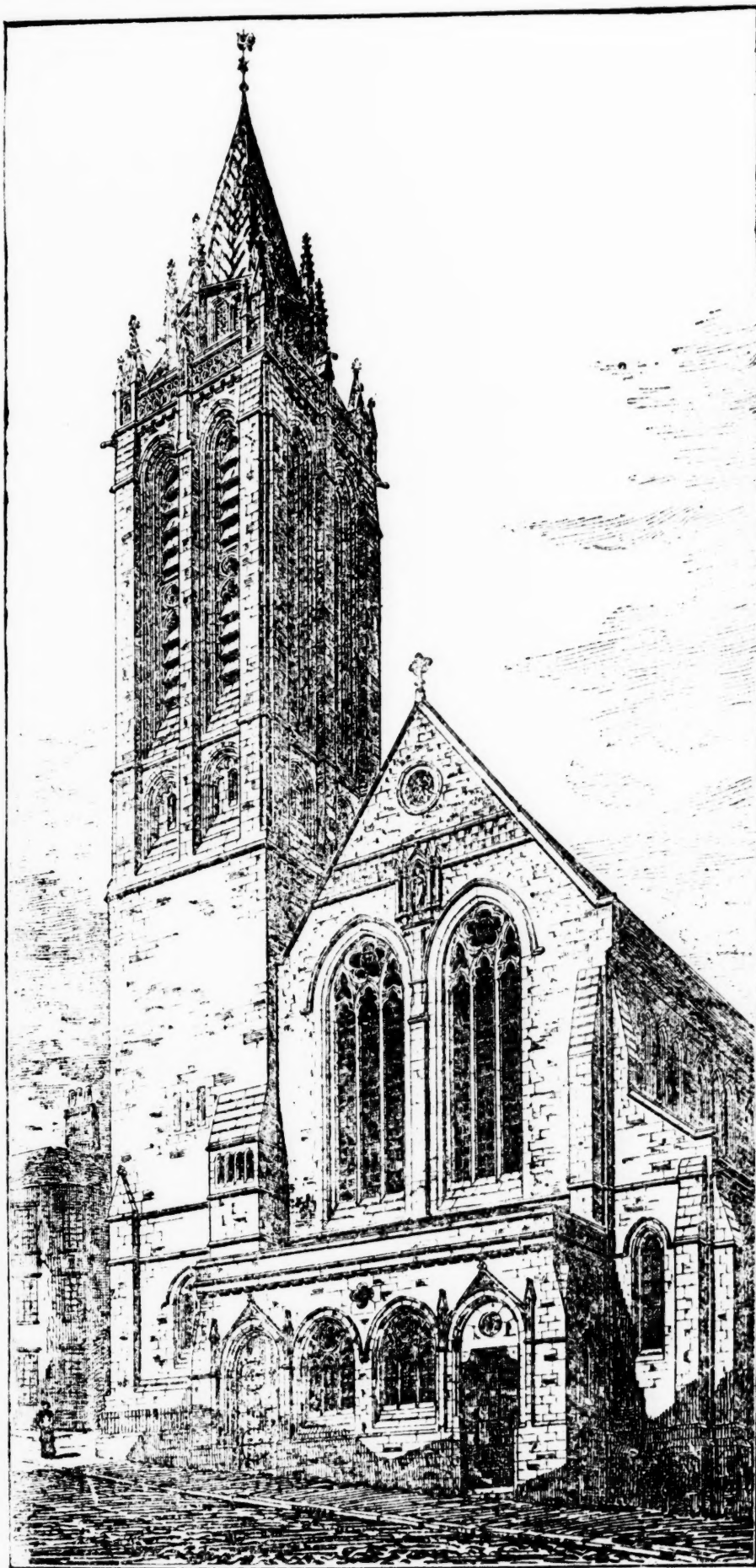
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